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ANATOLE.

Chap. XIV.

The commandeur, who alone knew the secret of Valentine's embarrassment, endeavored to relieve it by a proposal to rise from the table, but she was scarcely restored from the first emotion when it became needful to simulate one still more vivid. Madame de Nan-gis had desired to visit the library of M. de St. Albert. It was one of the most complete in Paris. He was directing the attention of Madame de Saverny to some of the finest publications, when the comtesse was heard exclaiming and laughing merrily. "It is he, it is himself, Valentine," added she, showing one of the busts which decorated the cabinet, "my dear friend, just tell me whom this bust seems to you to resemble."

"Truly," interrupted the commandeur with eagerness, "it should resemble Hector of Troy; at least so I was assured by the Roman who sold it to me."

"It may suit your Trojan warrior," replied the comtesse, "but I assure you that it is a striking likeness of our *inconnu*, and that he is still more beautiful, more brave, than all the heroes of Homer. But say, Valentine, do you not see the resemblance?"

Madame de Saverny was too much struck to attempt concealment. The pretence of the commandeur to turn the attention of the comtesse to this resemblance, and yet more the thought of those features so impressed upon the memory of Valentine, led her to suspect that the artist had for his model no other than Anatole. She was astonished at the agitation of feeling which this idea excited in her breast, and strove to overcome it and join in the gayety of her sister-in-law; but Valentine was very far from possessing the art of dissimulating the emotions of the heart, under an aspect of gayety. Her expression, her heightened color struggled with her smiles. She soon felt the impossibility of continuing a conversation which cost her so great an effort, and attempted to direct the attention of Madame de Nan-gis toward some new object. Failing in this, she decided to profit by her position to satisfy a part of her curiosity. She led Lavater toward the bust requesting his judgment on the principles of his system, as to the character possessed by the model of this fine head. Drawn by the pleasure of interesting Valentine, Lavater surmounted the diffidence which ordinarily prevented him from expressing himself in the French language, and reassured with the idea of having to denounce only the faults of an ancient hero, he made a detailed analysis of this moral portrait, giving in every word a new proof of his profound observation. He demonstrated by all the principles of his science that a man blessed with such a physiognomy must possess an exalted soul; independent, but too rash to attain distinction; a generous and passionate heart, susceptible even to weakness, jealous to excess; timid yet courageous, modest and proud; gentle in manners, immovable in determination; easily interested but not readily distracted; he added finally that his ardent imagination, tempered by a deep sentiment of melancholy, augured for him a brilliant success in poetry and painting and passionate sorrows in love.

Never made oracle a more profound impression upon the Greeks than the judgment of Lavater produced on the mind of Valentine. As he pronounced it, her eyes fixed upon the commandeur, Madame

de Saverny sought to verify its truth and beheld with pleasure the smile of approbation which overspread the countenance of M. de St. Albert at each detail which Lavater was pleased to give of the character of his young friend. Convinced of the fidelity of the portrait she said aside to the commandeur.

"You see every one is not so discreet as yourself. It remains only for me to discover a name. I shall soon know it, and I should regret to owe nothing to your confidence."

"You already owe too much to my indiscretion," replied he, "but how is it that an interest in this individual has power to absorb you, surrounded as you are by so many who seek to attract your attention?"

"Perhaps because it is the most intense," replied Valentine, ingenuously. This expression apparently surprised the commandeur, he assumed a distrustful air, fell into a reverie, and his looks seemed to say, "can it be real?"

While Valentine reproached herself for her excessive frankness, the Chevalier ridiculed her credulity and took advantage of the departure of Lavater to say.

"Really, I believe that you are a believer in this new witchcraft, and that the eloquence of Lavater has overpowered you so far as to——"

"She cannot do better than to believe him," interrupted Madame de Nangis, "since he gives to his hero all the excellencies of Grandison without enumerating the charming faults which belong to him."

"What! this mysterious personage continually," replied the chevalier discontentedly, "ah! ladies, pray respect his secret since he guards it so well!"

"He might defend it a hundred times better," replied the comtesse, "but I would know it to-morrow if it interested me so much as you suppose."

Valentine was struck with this remark and heard no more of the quarrel which ensued between her sister-in-law and the chevalier. Accustomed to see them disagree she paid little attention to their differences. She might have remarked that they became more frequent and that there prevailed in the conversation of the comtesse a sharpness which every day increased. The innocence of Valentine for a long time prevented her from suspecting the cause, but she could not disguise from herself the fact that Madame de Nangis often appeared impatient of her presence, and without daring to explain this change she profited by it in sometimes indulging her taste for retirement. On such occasions she allowed only the little Isaure to disturb her, and it was in lavishing the most tender cares upon the child that she avenged herself for the caprices of the mother.

A COLLEGE YARN.

One night, as my friend P—— and myself, who were both students at old Yale, were out taking a little run around the city, we found ourselves at rather a late hour of the night before the door of a well-known grocer by the name of Snip.

"Stop a moment," said P——, turning and gazing at Snip's fancy sign that was swinging to and fro in the breeze.

"What's up?" I asked after P—— had eyed it for some time contemplatively.

"Nothing in particular, Bob," said he; "just give me a little hoist here, and I'll fetch that picture down in double quick time. That Snip is a scoundrel, for he presented my bill this morning, and when I refused to pay it he threatened to inform the tutor."

No sooner asked than received; the sign was down and we were off in triumph. Suddenly a window opened and out popped the head of Snip, crying:

"Bring that back, you infernal young villains! Bring that 'ere back; now mind, I tell yer."

No answer was returned, but a specimen of very tall walking took place. We were soon in our room with the door locked, and the glittering prize before us, for we had hung on to it like grim death. By the aid of an axe that chanced to be at hand, it was soon reduced to pieces remarkably adapted to the stove, into which it was disappearing as fast as time would permit. Ere it had passed from sight we were suddenly startled by the cautious tread of two persons apparently nearing our door. The steps of one we recognized as being those of the tutor, and the other we very rightly conjectured belonged to the late proprietor of the relics around us. Here was a fix for us. Enough of the sign was left to convict us, and no place in which to conceal it.

Rap, rap, rap, was sounding at the door. I gave myself up to fate, and was about to go and unlock it, when I was arrested by the voice of P——, exclaiming in the most solemn tones imaginable:

"From everlasting art Thou, O Lord of hosts!"

Turning round in astonishment, beheld my friend on his knees engaged in prayer.

The outsiders were evidently astonished, as no further attack on the door took place. Snip's confidence as to the precise individuals was doubtless shaken in some degree. In the meantime, I took the hint and went to pilling in the sign with a vengeance. P—— spun out his prayer till the last piece was reduced to ashes, and then raising his voice to a high key, he finished off with the quotation:

"And oh! have mercy upon this wicked and adulterous generation, who go about seeking for a sign, but shall have no sign given them. A-m-e-n."

This last renewed the suspicion of the outsiders, and they repeated the knocking. We opened the door; they entered, and after a minute search in every corner, they gave it up and decided that we were not the guilty ones. Still I noticed, as our victim disappeared, his last gaze turned most wistfully on the stove.

SAFETY COFFINS.

A German by the name of Franz Vester, living in the United States, has actually been good enough to invent a safety coffin, the merit of which consists in its enabling any one who happens to be buried alive in such a coffin, in his usual state of health and nerve, to rectify the mistake when he discovers it by either climbing out through a sort of chimney, or if he be not quite equal to that gymnastic effort, by ringing a bell for the sexton to come and help him. The "safety coffin" is higher and bigger than ordinary coffins, so as to admit of the free movement of the body, and under the head is a receptacle for wine and refreshments. A box about two feet square rises from the head of the coffin to about a foot above the ground, and in this box there is a sort of ladder by which a person interred alive can climb out if he is vigorous enough. A spring inside enables the occupant to ring a bell and, as we understand, to unclosethe external lid of the chimney, which cannot be unclosed from outside. Herr Vester had himself buried alive in one of his own coffins in Newark, and after an interment of more than an hour, emerged in a minute after the signal was given, "with no more perceptible exhaustion than would be caused by walking two or three blocks under the hot sun." Unfortunately, persons are not buried alive in a state of nerve and bodily vigor, that would enable them on awakening unexpectedly in the grave to search for and consume lunch, touch springs, and climb a chimney, even if they could hope to make more sure of being buried by their friends in a properly appointed "safety coffin" than of not being buried alive at all.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following incident of travel is narrated by a correspondent of the "Daily Saratogian." It took place on the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad, on one of the Northern trains, between Saratoga and Whitehall:

When the train halted at Saratoga, among the passengers from the West came a man about thirty years of age, elbowing his way through the crowd, and bearing in his arms a child. He was a poor man, his clothes were poor: he looked poor. Around his hat was tied a piece of soiled, worn crape. It was evidently all the mourning his scanty means would permit, for the mother of the child was dead.

This man was rough in exterior, but his face was an honest one. He handled the baby awkwardly, yet there was a tenderness in his sad look that showed the purity of a father's love. The little fellow lay asleep on his coarsely-clad knee; a stray sunbeam glanced across its tired face. They were both tired, the father and the child, for they had come from the far West; and as he placed his hard, toil-worn hand to shield it from the golden rays, there was in his look a mixture of sadness and care, as if his pent-up feelings were so crowded back into the inner cells of his heart, that even tears could have been no relief to the hidden anguish that was making his life a misery.

The poor child cried; it might be the little thing was tired; it might be it missed its mother; perhaps it was hungry, perhaps it was sick, and so it cried. The tears rolled down its baby cheeks; the father wiped the dewdrops as they fell and then tried to feed it. He was so awkward with the bottle that he knew not how to give his darling its nourishment. As he made effort after effort to stifle the cries and check the tears of his motherless babe, how he must have missed her who in his life of labor and privation had been his solace and comfort! An unforbidden tear started in his eye, but he brushed it quickly away. All who saw him pitied him. At length a woman, richly apparessed, with her own sweet infant resting on the lap of his nurse—she had been watching the man—said in a gentle tone, "Give me the child." The poor fellow looked at her with a look of gratitude, for there was a mother's tenderness in her voice. With humble resignation, as though it were pain to part with him, even for a moment, he gave her his boy. The woman took it; its soiled clothes rested on her costly silk; its tiny head was soon beneath her shawl, and in a moment all was still. Like the Grecian daughter who through the iron bars fed her starving father, so did this high-born lady from her breast feed the hungry child, and when, on her gentle bosom the little one lay in calm and untroubled sleep, she put aside the shawl.

The father's heart swelled with gratitude. He said, as a tear welled in his eye, and his voice was trembling, "Thank you. I will take him now." Then the woman's nature spoke forth, as she gently answered, "Not yet, you will wake him," and for mile after mile that noble-hearted woman held that poor man's child, and it was not until her own babe required such nourishment as only a mother can give, she gently rose and placed the strange boy with its father.

A WESTERN SERMON.

The following unique discourse was delivered to a congregation of Saints, at Salt Lake, by a novitiate, who had labored in one of our new territories:—

Brothers and Sisters,—I have a very practical but searching discourse to bring before you this morning; and one which is of great personal importance to all. I therefore most earnestly desire you to pay the strictest attention to my words.

My text is, "*Why stand ye here all the day idle?*"

Perhaps some have not heard me, and I will repeat it again. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

For the benefit of that man, who has just come in, I will repeat again, for the last time. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

Why. Why, why? Why not if? Why not it? Why not of? Why not because?

Why stand. Why stand? Why not sit? Why not lie? Why not kneel? Why not stoop?

Why stand ye? Why ye? Why not me? Why not she? Why not it? Why not that dog? Why not that women sitting in the corner?

Why stand ye here. Why here? Why not there? Why not down cellar? Why not up garrett? Why not in that church yonder?

[Here he pauses and says: "I don't know how you feel, brothers and sisters, but I *do* wish some one would open a window."]

Why stand ye here all. Why all? Why not part? Why not a half-dozen? Why not one?

A young woman has just entered the gallery, and for her especial benefit I will repeat my text, in order that she may fully understand what we are discussing.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

Why stand ye here all the day. Why the day? Why not the night? Why not the morning? Why not the evening?

Lastly and finally.

Why stand ye here all the day idle. Why idle? Why not at work? Why not sowing? Why not reaping? Why not spinning? Why not weaving? Why not washing? Why not ironing? Why not scrubbing? Why not digging?

My Brothers and Sisters,—I have exerted myself to a great extent in order that you might leave the house of worship fully impressed with the sense of duty imposed upon you, and hoping that I have not wearied you, and I am very sure I have not, I bid you good-morning.

A SINGULAR STORY.—A Western paper tells a singular story of a marriage resulting from a dream, which is decidedly romantic. A young man in Michigan, who resided with his mother, recently had a dream in which he found himself in Fremont, a little town in Northern Ohio, where he met a young lady whom he had never seen, and whom he married, and lived happily with to a serene old age. The dream made such an impression upon him that he set out the next day for Fremont, where, after two or three days, he met, in the post-office, the face so indelibly photographed in his memory, and at once made known to her the nature of his dream and the object of his visit. At first, somewhat startled by the strange announcement, she soon comprehended the situation, and was by no means displeased with it. Finally, she referred the matter to her parents, who acceded to the remarkable proposition, when they were married, and started immediately for the home of the bridegroom.

COOKING BEEFSTEAK IN THE SUN.—On the 22d of last July, at the height of the heated term in London, a beefsteak was cooked on the south side of Westminster Bridge by the heat of the sun's rays alone. The apparatus employed was of a very simple kind; it consisted of an empty cigar box, the inside of which had been blackened, and the top closed with three panes of glass, about one inch apart. In the course of twenty minutes the steak was done on both sides, whilst a few potatoes were baked around it.

POWER OF LOVE.—Have you never seen the expulsive power of true love in regard to faults, and what the inspiration of true love is in regard to virtues? Oh, what a subsoiling love gives to the soul. Only love enough and there is nothing that is not possible. To conscience but few things are possible; to love, all things. A love that is spiritual, a love that is really a deep and abiding affection, how does it convert the nature? how does it cleanse and purify it! how robust does it make a man! how victorious! It is said that "love conquers all things." It is the meanest interpretation of the maxim conceivable as it is ordinarily used, that it conquers the differences that interpose between two lovers. The real victories of love are in the lover. The victories of love are in the sharpening of the understanding, in the cultivation of the taste, in the exaltation of virtue, in the moulding of the disposition, in the more perfect development in the character of all that is beautiful and good. How it enriches the moral nature! How large and grand it makes the soul! How easy is it, under the inspiration of love, for all the multitudinous particles of life to begin to move harmoniously and to adjust themselves rightly, if only this central fire of love be present. How impossible without it; how impossible with love that it should be otherwise?

HOME SWEET HOME.—There is no place like home, after all. No matter where you have been or how gaily the time has passed, when at last you come back to your own house, and set foot upon the familiar floors, and your seat at the family table, you rejoice. Man is a home-loving animal by nature. You may have been in finer places, and fed on daintier viands, but the charm of ownership hangs about your somewhat faded curtains, and those tables and chairs scratched by children's fingers and gazed by little restless boots; and, somehow, pork and beans, or apple dumplings, taste better at home than any fine-made dishes elsewhere, though they were superintended by a jewel of a French cook. People sleep best in their own beds, also, and only look like themselves in their own looking-glasses. Did you ever notice that it is always so? Mrs. Smith's mirror causes you to look too broad and fat, and Mrs. Jones' glass makes you appear long and thin. At your friend's in New York you always fancied one side of your face out of drawing; and when you were at your Quaker cousin's in Philadelphia they had a sad colored mirror, which made you look upon yourself as a ghost. When, for the first time you catch sight of yourself in your own looking-glass, you feel like saying,—"How are you? I haven't seen you for an age!" It is very odd, too, but to a woman nobody's tea is like her own. There does not seem to be a possibility of making any great difference where people buy the same quality and use the same quantity, yet the results are as various as the dispositions of the tea brewers. You never enjoy any one's tea as you do that you make yourself or have made. Then, away from home you are always obliged to be on your good behavior. Saucy things rise to your lips and are choked down. You feel like making a merry remark or allusion, and restrain yourself. Ten to one you would not be understood, and some solemn individual among your auditors would "beg your pardon, but would you be kind enough to say that again?" You are never in what we believe the psychologists call "the sphere" of strangers, and when you reach home after a long absence, the truth of this is very apparent. A glance is better understood than a sentence anywhere else, and "your folks" always know when you are in fun and in earnest. Not to be obliged to sit bolt upright and smile even if you have the headache; to talk whether you have anything to say or not; to laugh at anything comical without hurting any one's feelings, and to be cross, if you want to enjoy that luxury, without offending anybody—these are some of the luxuries of a return home; and who does not appreciate them?

An apple tree in York, Me., is two hundred years old. It was brought from England in a tub. It stands in a garden at York Village, and, although much decayed, bore three small apples this year.

WOMAN.—Look at the career of a man as he passes through the world; at a man visited by misfortune! How often he is left by his fellow-men to sink under the weight of his affliction, unheeded and alone! One friend of his own sex forgets him, another abandons him, a third, perhaps, betrays him; but woman, faithful woman, follows him in his affliction; she braves the changes of feelings; of temper embittered by the disappointment of all virtue; in resigning patience, ministers to his wants, even when her own are hard and pressing; she weeps with him tear for tear in his distress, and is the first to catch or reflect a ray of joy, should but one light up his countenance in the midst of his sufferings; and she never leaves him in his misery while there remains one act of love, duty or compassion, to be performed. And at last, when life and death come together, she follows him to the tomb with an ardor of affection which death itself cannot destroy.

A TOUGH CASE.—Elder Knapp had been holding a protracted meeting in Arkansas, and on a certain Sunday was to have a "baptizing" of converts in the river, in the secluded locality in which the revival had taken place. As he advanced into the water with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap, he asked the usual question, whether any one knew of any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. No one answered for a few moments, but at length a tall, straight, and powerful-looking chap, with an eye like a blaze, who was leaning upon a long rifle and quietly looking on, remarked: "Elder, I don't want to interfere in this yere business, any way, but I want to say that I know that old cuss you've got hold of, and I know that one dip won't do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him, and save him, you'll have to anchor him out in deep water over night."

LOVE.—A complaint of the heart growing out of an inordinate longing after something difficult to obtain. It attacks persons of both sexes, generally between the ages of fifteen and thirty; some have been known to have it at the age of sixty.

Symptoms.—Absence of mind; giving things wrong names; calling tears nectar and sighs zephyrs; gazing on the moon and stars; loss of appetite; neglect of business; a loathing for all things—save one; and a constant desire to sigh.

Effects.—A strong headache, pulse high; stupidly eloquent eyes; sleeplessness, and all sort of thing. At times, imagination bright; bowers of roses; winged cupids; and then, again, oceans of despair, racks, tortures, and hair-triggered pistols.

Cure.—Get married. If that don't cure you, it will at least open your eyes.

OUR SAWYER'S SAWDUST.—How to get a good servant: Do your work yourself.

How to preserve fruit: Put it into glass bottles and seal the corks. Put them into a strong box and bury them about ten feet in the ground. After that never go near them again.

How to prevent your cat from stealing: never keep one.

How to pay taxes: Look out of the window and tell the collector you are all out of town and never expected back. If he does not believe this, you must prevail on him to pay them himself.

How to prevent beer from turning sour: Always leave the key in the tap and don't lock the cellar.

How to buy coal cheap: Don't give too high a price for it.

PIETY, prudence, wit and civility are the elements of true nobility

BEST WAY TO COMMIT TO MEMORY.—One of the most irksome parts of educational experience is the "learning by heart." It is possible that this committal to memory of the exact words of the author is too strenuously insisted on in some cases—in studying history, for instance, where a clear and discriminating understanding of the subject is better than a mere unthinking ability to repeat certain phrases and sentences. In many studies, however, the simplest and only thorough course is to learn the lesson "by rote." This is of course a laborious operation and any plan which will lessen the task would be a boon to thousands of pupils.

The general practice with actors is to walk up and down, and to repeat the lines of their parts aloud. The sitting position soon produces restlessness and the mind becomes diverted from the task. Of course in school such a plan would be impracticable, but out of school we think it would prove a great improvement over the cramped position and silent plodding. The healthfulness of the active method is an important consideration for those who are not desirous of narrow chests, round shoulders and pallid looks. For learning pieces for declamation, or dialogues, the loud study is obviously the suitable one.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—A singular accident recently occurred on a railroad West. The train at a crossing ran into a buggy containing an aged couple, striking the hind part, and catching the buggy box on the platform in front of the engine, the old people remaining in it and being thus carried two thirds of a mile before the train was stopped. The old lady was nearly dead. The old gentleman was not so badly hurt, although the extent of his injuries was not known.

FAIRLY MATCHED.—An ardent young couple called upon a Chicago minister the other evening and were made one. Half an hour afterwards a Chicago banker rushed into the minister's house, learned the facts, and went away very red in the face because his daughter had married "that fellow." Half an hour later still a Chicago broker rushed into the minister's house, learned the facts, and went away very very red in the face because his son had married "that girl."

BATHING NOTICE.—At Dieppe, in France, a famous bathing-place there is a police established whose duty it is to rescue persons from danger. The following notice was recently issued to them:—

"The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp. Newfoundland dogs will govern themselves accordingly!"

A GIRL CONJURED OUT OF A HAT.—Heller is exhibiting a new trick in London which he calls the "Girl of the Period." He throws a young woman, aged about sixteen, out of a hat!

It would take more than Mr. Heller's skill to throw any kind of a girl into a modern bonnet.

DEFINED.—In a class of little girls in one of the schools of Boston the question was asked, "What is a fort?"

"A place to put men in," was the ready answer.

"What is a fortress, then?" asked the teacher.

This seemed a puzzler, until one little girl of eight summers answered, "A place to put the women in."

If a small boy is called a "lad," is it proper to call a bigger boy a "ladder?"

AN INFERENCE.—A clergyman remarked to a servant who had been a long time in his service; "John, you have been a long time in my service; I dare say you are able to preach a sermon as well as I." "Oh, no, sir," said John "but many an inference have I drawn from yours." "Well," said the clergyman, "I will give you a text out of Job; let me hear what you will make from it, 'And the asses snuffed up the East wind.'" "Well," replied John, "The only inference that I can draw is this, that it would be a long time before they would grow fat upon it."

A FARMER conversing with a wit of a merchant the other day, they fell upon the subject of horses and their food. The farmer was expatiating the benefit of pastures, and not so much corn for horse feed.

"Why," says he, "to pasture a horse well, will make his body grow, in which condition he is stronger and more able to work than any other; and really, I would not have a horse without a body, would you?"

Merchant.—"Well, really, Mr. Clover, I never saw a horse in that condition; and although he would be a cheap horse to feed, he would be so ugly, I am of your opinion—I would not have him."

Farmer subsided.

When the cholera was in the south of Europe, a native of Hungary heard that in a certain village it attacks only men. Hoping to escape the disease, he disguised himself as a female with the utmost care and secrecy, and went to live in the favored village. Soon after his arrival he was, however, attacked with the worst symptoms of the disorder, and in his agony exclaimed, "Alas! alas! who could have betrayed my sex?"

THE wife of an eccentric judge complained to him that he was always reading and took little notice of her.

"I wish," said she, "that I was a book, and then I should enjoy more of your company."

"Yes, my dear," replied the judge, "I wish you were a book—but an almanac, I mean—for then I should change you every year."

A BLACKSMITH named Oscorn offered himself as bail at the court of sessions for a prisoner whose trial was put off till the next term.

"Are you surely worth five hundred dollars above all your debts?" inquired the recorder.

"Why, sir, I hold my wife to be worth five hundred dollars, without counting property."

"The court is satisfied; take the bail," replied the recorder.

A BOARDER looked very discontentedly at a beefsteak, and the landlady, having observed him, said—"Don't the steak suit you?" "Yes," said the boarder, "it's good enough, what there is of it; and there's enough of it, such as it is."

AN apothecary, who was continually troubled with the inquiry for the time, was asked the other day,—

"Please, sir, tell me what time it is?"

"Why, I gave you the time not a minute ago?" said the astonished apothecary.

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, "but this is for another woman?"

ALEX. T. STEWART is not an eight-hour man. He works fourteen hours, and gets about ten thousand dollars a day.

(From the New York Evening Mail.)

STEPHENS' FIGHT WITH GIN.

STEPHENS' STAND,
COR. BROADWAY AND PARK PLACE. }

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will give your readers several of the many reasons (and many there are) why I so earnestly desire to see all my drinking friends—and enemies too, if I have any—sign the pledge, and each unite with one of the several societies now organized for the building up of the cause of temperance everywhere. I once loved, and was fast becoming a slave to, the intoxicating cup. Being in delicate health, and afflicted with general debility and vertigo, I believed it essential to make use of spirits on particular occasions. With all the airs and importance of a doctor (but with none of the wisdom of a good one) a wealthy wholesale dealer in wines and liquors with whom I am acquainted prescribed gin, "for," said he, "it is the purest liquor now manufactured, and I have derived great benefit from its use myself." On the strength of his recommendation I concluded to try it, and purchased a small bottle, which lasted me two weeks; felt no better; was told that I did not take a sufficient quantity at a dose; bought another, and emptied it in eight days; felt worse; was exhorted to persevere. I then purchased a larger quantity, and so it went on for months, until finally I became so accustomed to its use that I would as soon have thought of doing without my daily bread as without my gin. Just before I signed the pledge, however, I arrived at the conclusion that it would be best for me to wholly abstain from the use of spirits; for, contrary to my expectations, I found that it did me no good. It soured my temper—which, by the way, was none of the sweetest before I commenced to use it—weakened my digestive organs impaired my vital powers, and robbed me of my cheerfulness. Judging from its effects upon my general health, I could not help thinking and saying (and I think and say so still,) that when the dealer recommended it to me, and gave me as a reason for so doing, that he had derived great benefit from its use himself, he meant just what he said, but did not say what he meant. He meant the benefits of a large income, with which he supports the extravagance of one of those elegant brown-stone front mansions up on one of our fashionable avenues where he resides. Sure am I that he meant not his health, for no one ever sees him drink his own liquors—not that he is too stingy to do so. No, indeed, but he has too much sense. Like the druggist, Mr. Editor, he does not drink his own poisons; but unlike the druggist, he advises others to do so. However, I soon yielded to the persuasions of my numerous friends and signed the pledge, and I am now fully satisfied from my own experience that I am stronger, both in body and mind, have more uniformity of feeling, can think more clearly, and can attend to my business better than when my whole system was poisoned with ardent spirits. Now let me tell you, sir, what it cost me to drink gin. I used it as a medicine, remember, for the good of my health. It cost me at the rate of \$1.25 per week in money, and my health, strength, honor, good name, and peace of mind. On one occasion when I had taken an overdose of the medicine, a pair of female pickpockets stepped up to me, and, after relieving me of my account-book, helped themselves to what was to me then, and would be now, a large sum of money, which they found between leaves; they then very generously, if not very politely, returned the book, but I was too much overcome with the medicine to prevent the theft, although I saw and knew at the time that I was being robbed. On another occasion I desired to borrow a sum of money for a few days to use in my business, and I applied to a tried and true friend who had never refused to assist me.

To my astonishment he refused me then. Why? I asked. Shall I ever forget the shrug of his shoulder and the look of contempt that he gave me, as he replied, "Because you are now a drinking man." So you see, sir, what it cost me to drink gin. Now let me tell you what it costs me to be a temperate man.

Since I signed the pledge it has cost me a trifle over five dollars a year to be a member of Mosaic Lodge No. 3. I. O. of G. S. and D. of S., and enjoy all its pleasures, privileges and benefits; and *nothing* to be loved, respected, cared for. Spoken well of, assisted in business, and called a man and a brother by the friends of temperance; every one of whom I love, and am proud and happy to know, and I bless God from the very bottom of my heart every day I live

that He has given me such friends, and that I am a recipient of their favors. I am not now expected by every acquaintance that I chance to meet in the street to step in somewhere, "smile" with him, and pay for it myself, out of my hard earnings; and Mr. Editor, when asked by a friend to "smile," I frown and relate my experience, then smile, but not at the bar, and urge him to be temperate if he would be happy.

So you see, sir, that I have gained everything by signing the pledge, and enlisting in the great and glorious temperance army. I long to see the day when every man and woman who now makes use of the very spirit of all evil spirits, ardent spirit, as a beverage will cast aside the unclean thing, and give us the right to take them by the hand and call them sisters and brethren.

I long for the day, sir, when professors of the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, will see, feel, and know, that it is a sin for them to use it for the good of their health, and recommend it to others as a sovereign remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

It matters not, sir, how moral, or how religious a man may be, or profess to be; if he uses ardent spirit as a beverage he violates the will of God and shows by his works that there is one thing in which he will not have Christ to reign over him, and if he should keep the whole law and yet offend in that one point, he is a guilty sinner. It is the duty of every man and woman who desires to serve God in the very beauty of holiness, not only to let their light so shine that others seeing their works may glorify their God, but to have respect for all His known will, and be willing to be governed by it. All who call God father have a work to do, and are responsible to Him for the manner in which they do it. Speaking of work to do, Mr. Editor, reminds me that the success of our efforts for the good of the temperance cause does not depend upon our own strength or wisdom. Our encouragement is in the fact that God is greater than all our enemies, and that we are the humble instruments in His hand, by which His name is honored, and his wonderful works are brought to pass. This being so, we will constantly look to Him for grace and strength to perform every duty in a way and manner which will be most pleasing to Him, and He will crown our efforts with success. Our noble cause will bloom in fragrant beauty and bring forth much fruit, whereby He will be glorified, and we will receive our reward. In our own strength we cannot battle with our foes, but in his strength we will be as strong as lions, as powerful as a mighty army.

Very temperately yours,

HENRY G. STEPHENS.

THE INVISIBLE ONE.

There was once a good lady in England who had a deaf and dumb boy. She was very anxious to teach him that there was a God—she told him by signs that God was everywhere, in the air, in the woods, in the trees, and in the river that ran by their houses. He went out immediately and looked up into the air and trees, and up and down the river, but returned with a disappointed look, and said in his sign language to the lady, that she had told him a lie. Just then the Spirit of God taught her what to say. "Did you feel the wind while you were out?" "Yes," he replied. "Could you see the wind?" she said, "He cannot be seen, but he can be felt." And the poor boy saw God then with the eyes of his soul. Now, any of you who go to Christ, and sincerely ask Him to dwell in your hearts, will feel Him there. He breathes the spirit of love and good will within us. When we ask God to pardon our sins for Christ's sake. He leaves a peace which no one else can give us. Then, if we seek Him every day. He keeps us from sin. When we are tempted, He gives us grace to conquer. By and by, we become better acquainted with Jesus than any one else. Oh, it is a blessed thing to know Him. He is our best and tenderest friend, and the more we know Him, the better we shall love Him.—*Heavenly Tidings.*

A jubilee, tableaux and feast on the night of January 1st, 1869 in Boston!! See a notice on the 9th page.

SINGULAR WILL.—A maiden lady of New York city has made a will, in which she bequeaths all her property to a religious corporation to build a church. She furthermore directs her executors, in due process of time, to use her dust and entire remains to make mortar with which to lay the corner-stone. Her name is for the present withheld. Not until the will is presented for probate will the curious be able to satisfy themselves.

—A pastor of one of the Methodist churches in Baltimore was much annoyed by a wealthy member, who, besides being a very fluent class leader, was a canting hypocrite. One day this class leader shut up his eyes and began to snuffle in this wise: "It isn't right to laugh; it isn't. We read that Jesus wept, but we never read that Jesus laughed." "No," said Mr. Rozzell, "and we never read that Jesus sold wood at four dollars a cord to poor struggling Methodist seamstresses, while he sold it at three dollars a cord to rich folks."

—The 10,970 public-houses and beer-houses of London would, if placed side by side, extend over 33 miles. Music halls and dancing rooms exist without number.

—Two-story cars, accomodating one hundred persons, are being tried in Germany.

—A lady advertises for sale, one baboon, three tabby cats and a parrot. She states that, being now married, she has no further use for them, because their amiable qualities are all combined in her husband.

—There is a lady in this city who hasn't washed her face for fifteen years. She thinks water injurious to the skin, and has used fine Indian meal in its place.

WHY should a chimney sweeper be a good whist-player? Because he's always following soot.

A SINGLE hour in the day given to the study of some interesting subject, brings unexpected accumulation of knowledge.

THE meanest man in the world lives in London. He buttons his shirt with wafers, and looks at his money through a magnifying glass

A MAN in New York State uses an old hearse as a scarecrow to keep children from stealing his grapes.

CONVERSATION is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breadth of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of me. of wit.

THERE is a very successful deaf-mute photographer by the name of Addison Pancake in Bloomington Illinois. He is a graduate of the Jacksonville Institution some years ago he met with an accident on the railroad by which he lost a leg.

—The Deaf and Dumb will hold a Congress in Berlin this month, to endeavor to discover a substitute for the finger language. Nothing appears to be impossible to science, but it will tax man's ingenuity severely, we think, to find a satisfactory substitute for the present method of talking together used by deaf-mutes.

By the recent earthquake in California the gable end on the girls' side of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute fell in, crushing through the ceilings.



FARMER'S COLUMN FOR NOVEMBER.

If you have not put your barns and other buildings in good repair, do it at once, before the cold winds and drenching storms of winter come upon you. Cattle that are well housed in severe weather will do well with less feeding. Especially don't leave leaks in your roofs for the water to drip in and rot a few solid feet of your choicest hay or grain.

House all your tools that you are not using. They will last five times as long for being kept in a clean dry place when not in use.

If you have no other more remunerative work to do it is better economy to thresh your grain yourself, you and your boys, than to hire a machine. If you must hire the threshing done, the machine may be the cheapest. But remember the straw is worth more when threshed by hand.

Give your mild cows pumpkins first, then when these are gone roots or cabbages, and you will be able to make good butter to sell even late into winter. I say give the pumpkins first, because they will not keep long. J. R. B.

J. Edwin Story of Cherry Valley, N. Y., has raised four hundred and ninety-eight pounds of squash from three seeds. The largest squash weighs 160 lbs. Can any one beat this?

RETURN OF MR. M'GANN.

Mr. J. B. McGann, Principal of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, arrived home a few days ago from Europe. He has obtained much valuable information while abroad and will endeavor to draw the attention of influential parties here to the importance of vital statistics, the lessons to be drawn from which, he affirms, concern the general public more closely than most people suppose.

Referring to the above from the *Toronto Globe* we would observe, that Mr. McGann's almost undivided attention has, for many years, been directed to the important subject of vital statistics with the view of lessening the calamities resulting from a violation of natural laws, entailing as it does a fearful amount of suffering upon the innocent offspring of those who contract consanguinaries intermarriages, and lead a dissipated and abandoned life. By a careful and laborious analysis of the causes which operate to produce deafness, dumbness, blindness, insanity, *moral imbecility*, and idiocy in Ireland, he has found by reference to the documents in the Registrar General's Office Dublin, that in the Census Returns of that unfortunate country there is one unavailable member of working society to every fifty of the population. The premature death of children from birth to the age of five years—one out of every three—may be ascribed to a non-observance as well as a violation of the laws of nature. When shall all be wise?

—Gov. Chamberlain of Maine and his Executive Council, with their wives, and other gentlemen and ladies from Maine were in Hartford lately to visit the American Asylum, where several deaf and dumb pupils from Maine are being educated.

EDITORIAL.



William S. Smith, well-known throughout the United States as the great American mute traveller, is reported to have died in California in May last.

J. O. Pyatt, Esq., has issued a neat volume on Albert Newsam the eminent mute artist. We will endeavor to notice it at length in our next issue.

We have on hand quite a number of the Annual Reports of American and Foreign Institutions for Deaf Mutes. We shall notice them in our next number.

We desire to correct our statement in our last issue in regard to the purchase of Josiah Parsons' estate in Northampton by John Clarke. The price paid was \$11,000 instead of \$11.00 it is in Bridge street, one-quarter mile from the Railroad station commands a fine view of Mount Holyoke and the beautiful Northampton Meadows, and in one of the most healthy places in N.

THE JEWS—DEAF AND DUMB HOME,—LONDON.—

Established in 1865, for the object of educating *all* the poor Jewish deaf-mutes in the United Kingdom. The inmates are admitted free and for the number of years under instruction, they are boarded and educated without any expense to the parents. The present number of inmates is 13—4 boys and 9 girls.

The system of education pursued in this Institution, is that of Lip-Reading, similar to that pursued in the Rotterdam and Vienna schools.

In June of last year the Committee engaged the services of Mr. Van Praagh of the Rotterdam Institution as Head Master, to whom the following testimony is borne.—“The Committee have much pleasure in testifying to the untiring exertions of W. Van Peaagher and at the same time to state, that the inmates of the “Home” have made such rapid progress in the short time during which they have been under the new system as to inspire them with just grounds for believing that they will by the help of God be able to SPEAK, that is to enunciate words audibly and intelligibly.”

THE DUMB TO SPEAK.—Affecting Incident.—A correspondent relates this touching anecdote of one of the pupils of Miss H. B. Rogers, whose success in teaching deaf mutes has been so remarkable :—

I have been much interested in a deaf mute, seven years of age, the son of a newly-elected Senator from one of the Southern States, who visited, not long since, one of the families of my congregation. He is a boy of uncommon natural intelligence, very quick to comprehend what is said to him, though he cannot hear, and full of vi-

vacity and sport. He became deaf the first year of his life, through sickness, before he had learned to speak. His father, with whom he was a special favorite, anxious to do everything for him that could be done, placed him, last year, in the Clarke Institute for Deaf Mutes, at Northampton. There, under the training of Miss Rogers, he soon learned to articulate quite a number of words. After he had been at the institute a few months, the father called to see him. It happened to be the time of recess, and the boys were at play on the ample grounds about the building. The boy saw his father coming, and stretching out his arms ran to meet him, saying at the same time “Father.” It was the first word the father ever heard him speak, and it quite overcame him. He could scarcely refrain from tears. His heart overflowed with joy—joy that it was permitted him at length to hear his dear dumb boy speak and call him father. When I first heard the story in the presence of the boy himself, so bright and intelligent, so happy in the newly-acquired power of articulate speech, I could not but think of the great Father in heaven, and the multitudes of mute children he has here on earth, mute at least so far as any acknowledgment of their relationship to Him is concerned—children who have never called Him by the endearing name of Father. And then I thought what must be the joy in that Father's heart when one of these dumb children of his, breaking at length the guilty silence so long observed, lifts his eyes and heart toward heaven and says “Father.”

TREASURE IN EARTHEN VESSELS.

The following “illustration of Scripture,” furnished by a missionary in China, we copy from the *Religious Herald* :—

“When Paul says, ‘We have this treasure in earthen vessels,’ he probably alluded to some custom of keeping money in earthen jars. The use of pottery is very common in the East. The Chinese use it for making many articles which we would make of metal or wood. Almost the whole of the ordinary cooking apparatus, the furnace, the pots, the frying pans, the saucepans, are all made of clay. Their ordinary money boxes are vessels of earthenware, shaped somewhat like an apple, with a slit in the top, through which the money is put, as in missionary boxes in the West. When the money is to be taken out, the box must be broken. These money boxes are very common among the Chinese, and would occur very naturally to the mind of any one of them reading Paul's language.

“The apostle may have alluded to some such earthen vessels for holding money, or he may have had in his mind larger jars, containing valuables and buried in the earth during a hostile invasion, or for fear of robbers. If a Chinese should want to bury his money under such circumstances, he would almost certainly use an earthen vessel of some kind to hold it.”

Some years ago there went to and fro on one of the steamers on Long Island Sound (Stonington line) a colored man of the name of Watson, who acted in the capacity of barber. The demand for shaving being limited, and a desire for the accumulation of wealth animating his bosom, he obtained from the steward permission to sell ice-cream in the saloon after getting under way. He engaged as assistant a bright boy of twelve, named Frank. On being asked one evening how trade was, Watson replied that there “seemed to be a good deal of cream sold, but not much money coming in;” he “couldn't understand it.” A few minutes afterward the same question was propounded to Frank. His reply was, “Tip top!” On being told what Watson had stated, he looked up and said, his eye twinkling: “O! Watson and me is in company, but Watson don't know it!”

☞ London has one thousand Mormons.

Notice.

A Grand Levee will be held in Boston, on the night of January 1st, 1869, at Mercantile Hall, No. 32 Summer St., under the superintendence and control of Mr. P. W. Packard.

It will be open to both mutes and hearing people, and both classes will be enabled to enjoy themselves.

The programme will include a series of splendid tableaux, and a collation worthy of the name. Also, games of all kinds; chess, chequers, copenhagen, &c., &c.

The tableaux will be arranged and superintended by a gentleman of much experience in such things, and it is confidently expected that his taste and skill will produce one of the most gorgeous displays ever witnessed by mutes, and one worthy the admiration of hearing people.

During the day (Jan. 1.) Phillips Hall, which adjoins Mercantile Hall will be open for the accommodation of those coming from a distance, and an effort will be made to keep this Hall open all night for the convenience of all such, many of whom have signified their intention of coming.

The annual levees of the mutes of Boston have always been very well attended, and there has been a yearly increase in the number present. There have always been at least two hundred present, and Mr. Packard is led, by the large number of letters and personal communications already received, to expect a much larger gathering than ever before.

The levees are more convenient, less costly, and fully equal, if not superior, in enjoyment, to the Conventions which are yearly held in various places.

Everything possible will be done to enable all to enjoy the occasion fully. Tickets of admission to the whole \$1.00; reserved seats \$1.50.

Those who desire to *engage* good seats to see the tableaux, and avoid the inconvenience of having poor seats, or of being obliged to stand on account of the crowd, should send their money (\$1.50) to Mr. Packard, and he will send them a ticket and a check for a good seat by return mail. They should send *early*, as a number of seats are already engaged, and those who send first will get the best seats.

After the tableaux the company will proceed to the next hall (Phillips Hall), where there are three separate rooms in which all can enjoy themselves as they choose.

Money should be sent only to Mr. Packard, as he will not otherwise be responsible for it, and checks for reserved seats can be obtained only of him.

Further particulars may be given in the December number of the *Gazette*.

All letters enclosing money or asking for information should be addressed to P. W. Packard, 50 Bromfield St., Room 18, Boston, Mass.

☞ All who read this please come and bring your friends with you.

Mr. Packard's idea is to devote the profits accruing from the exhibition and levee to some good object having special reference to the general benefit and welfare of his class of the community.

A FISH STORY.—An Alabama paper speaking of Florida, says, "There are also numerous small lakes of pure water, filled with fish, some of which are only a few rods in extent, while others are from two to ten miles in length."

In the *Gazette* for October, (Facts about the Deaf and Dumb, ccxiv.) "Heinse" should be Heinicke. The present number of schools for the Deaf and Dumb in Germany is not far from *eighty*, (not thirty,) most of them, however, comparatively small. The whole eighty have probably not so many pupils as the twenty-five or twenty-six American institutions.

D.

John Carlin, Esq., is engaged upon a new Christmas book. Those who have seen it says it will "take."

ANECDOTE OF BARON ROTHSCHILD.

A short time ago the Baron Von Rothschild took a walk in Paris and suddenly found himself behind the Pantheon, in a part of the city with which he was not familiar. He entered the shop of a dealer in old curiosities, and discovered among a great deal of worthless trumpery an old barometer from the time of Louis the Sixteenth, the carving of which was exceedingly well preserved. The baron, who is a connoisseur of such things, immediately resolved to buy the barometer. The price was ten francs, and Rothschild, glad to get it so cheap, put his hand in his pocket to give the woman who kept the store a ten franc piece. Unfortunately he discovered that he had left his pocket-book at home. "Well, never mind," he said, "I shall take the barometer anyhow. Send it to my house. I am Baron Rothschild. The money will be paid to you at my house." "I do not know your name, monsieur," replied the woman; "moreover, I never send any goods away unless they have previously been paid for."

The baron was greatly puzzled. He had never dreamed that anybody could be ignorant of his name; but, as he happened to be in very good humor, he felt highly amused, and was just about to give her some information as to who he was, when he saw a commissioner pass by on the other side of the street. He beckoned to him, and when the honest Auvergnat stood before him he asked him, "Do you know, perhaps, Baron Rothschild?" "That is a very funny question, sir. Rothschild! Why, that is our money-king. Why do you ask the question?" he said, growlingly, for he supposed it was a mere mystification. "Because madame here refuses to trust him for ten francs," said Rothschild, pointing to the woman. "Is that really true, Madame Duclous?" cried the commissioner, in surprise. "Yes, you see, Monsieur Pierre, we cannot know every body in the world," replied the woman, in confusion; "I know you, and if you will go the gentleman's security—" At these words the baron burst into a fit of laughter. "Very well, Monsieur Pierre," he said, "if you will go up security, do so; but, above all things, go and fetch me a hack, and then carry this barometer to my house." The commissioner received a very handsome reward at the house of the rich millionaire for going security for Baron Rothschild.

GREAT INDUCEMENT.

The *National Deaf-Mute Gazette* is published monthly at \$1.50 per annum. The proprietor makes the liberal offer to any one who will send him the names and address of twenty *new* subscribers and twenty dollars, to forward the *Gazette* for one year.

It will be seen that the person getting the twenty subscribers will be entitled to retain ten dollars.

☞ When may we presume that a man is very hungry? When he will devour books.

Behind time—every man who carries a watch.

UP AND DOWN AMONG THE STATES.

No. III.

BY ALBERT J. HASTY.

IN WHICH DICK FIGURES LARGELY.

Act I. Scene I. Two glorious old bach.'s stowed away in bed at the Washington House. Time, 5 o'clock, A.M.

"Say, H——," exclaimed Dick, sitting up, "what's that?"

"What's what?"

"Why, I hear something under the window shouting 'Oysters, oysters,' what is it?"

"Oh! it's nothing but oysters," said I, yawning.

"Oysters," said Dick, "can oysters halloo so loud?"

I turned over in convulsions, while Dick laid down, and was very quiet for the rest of the morning, and at the breakfast table quite forgot that oysters were on the bill of fare.

Sojourners in the "Empire City" never find any difficulty in spending their time, or their money either. Of course we went to Barnum's. Everybody goes there. Dick was delighted, and when, after spending several hours in the museum, we found ourselves at the entrance, he voted it "a big thing and no mistake."

"Yes, and I vote a dinner at Delmonico's, a still *bigger* thing," I added.

"Agreed—bravo! let's go—which way?" exclaimed Dick impetuously, and seizing my arm, off he started, pulling me after him. Arriving at the entrance to Delmonico's we were quickly seated at one of the tables in the magnificent *salon*.

"Take some *oysters*, Dick," I suggested, winking.

"You dry up," he retorted.

A colored waiter quickly attended to us. What would we have? A venison pastry and a mutton chop for Dick; a fricassee, wheat cakes *etcetera* for me. And then, too, we would have a stick of celerv, coffee *et caetera*, a few fresh vegetables, fruit and dessert. The cuisine was superb and *a la francaise*—very; nothing could exceed the "getting up" of things—it was *a la Soyer*; it was *a la*—well, we wont attempt to describe it. Suffice it to say, Delmonico's is proficient in the science of gastronomies, and we did him ample justice. Having "footed the bills" we sallied forth for a stroll on Broadway. Army in arm we sauntered along. Dick stared a good deal, and declared he was "the greenest chap on the street, *you bet*." Late in the afternoon, when we went over to visit the *Scientific American* office, we had stopped for a minute to look round, when suddenly Dick uttered an exclamation and the next minute I saw him shaking hands with another gentleman.

"Come, H——," said Dick "shall I introduce you? dear fellow. This is my old friend, Mr. John Demi-john Toots, Esq.,—Mr. H——."

Of course I was right glad to see "the Honorable Demi-john" as Dick styled him, and we three arm in arm, "went on our way rejoicing." Dick was "all smiles" at meeting his old friend, and had "lots to say," while I was employed in studying the Honorable Demi-johns "bumps," (Phrenological bumps be it remembered) and big bumps they were, too. I was not long in coming to the conclusion that this Honorable Demi-john was, what Artemas Ward would call, "a phoolosoophocal indoooodoolool." We now came to the foot bridge at Fulton street, and at my suggestion we took up a position on top where we could look out and enjoy the extensive view up and down Broadway.

"'Tis four o'clock, and the crowded street
Is all alive with the tread of feet;
Hither they come and thither they go.
Like a mighty river they ebb and flow,
With a rushing sound as of falling rain,
Or of wind that ripples the grassy plain.
The old and the young, the sad and the gay
Jostle each other on bright Broadway.
Hard-featured men with sinister faces,
Women adorned with jewels and laces;
There are men with beards and men who have none,
Every condition under the sun:—
The man of fashion and indolent ease,
The sun-browned sailor from over the seas,
The cold, proud lady of stately mien,
The child who is sweeping the crossway clean,
The whiskered fop with the vacuous stare,
The gambler standing outside his lair,
Innocent girlhood in contact with shame
That purity shudders to think of or name:—
Hither they come and thither they go,
Like a mighty river they ebb and flow,
With a rushing sound as of falling rain,
Or of wind that ripples the grassy plain."

* * * * *

"Hark! down the street there is something coming,
A mingling of life's and noisy drumming;
With gleam of saber and bayonet bright
That, glancing, flash in the warm sun's light;
Nearer they come, with soldierly tread,
And the calm, blue heavens high overhead,
Ring with the shout of the clamorous throng,
As each solid column is marching along."

ANON.

The gas is lighted when we descend, the moon is out and the stars twinkling brightly, but Broadway was looking as grand and sublime as in the light of day. Boarding a "bus," we were soon at the Washington House and seated at the supper table with the Honorable Demi-john. What fine appetites we had, and how good the things tasted!

"Really, it makes a chap wish his throat was a mile long, so he could taste the sweetness all the way down," said Dick, who had a peculiar tenderness in the gastric's for "lengthened sweetness long drawn out." Of course I was "agreed," and of course the Honorable Demi-john was "agreed" too. And now I was forced to the mental conclusion that this last name Demi-john was eminently *apropos*, to judge from the manner in which coffee and other bibulous articles disappeared behind the moustache that adorned the upper lip of John, the Honorable Demi-john. His well-filled cup was emptied in a twinkling, and *presto!* then goes another, and another, and shades of Bacchus! there goes half a dozen more!

"By thunder! what a bully boy—as good as a fifteen inch gun!" exclaimed Dick, admiringly, nudging me in the ribs.

"Or, even as good as a hog'shead," I added, unable further to express my stupendous emotions.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Great and Honorable Demi-john, his worship, John Toots, Esq. "since we have had a *little* supper we'll step into the office and take a little chat and a segar."

"Except our friend H——, he don't smoke, nor chew, nor drink either," added Dick, "he's a hardshell baptist."

"And *you* are a *soft-shell* one, I guess," put in the Honorable Demi-john.—taking my part.

"Hullo, you've pitched into me!" exclaimed Dick.

"Wry not?"

Those two worthies, sitting down in a corner of the office, carried on "a Battle of the Kegs" on their own account, while I sought for information concerning the Central Park, the Hudson River steamers and sundry other Knickerbocker institutions, then I took a chair on the door-front and amused myself by star-gazing, and such other airy pastime as struck my fancy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

St. Ann's Free Church for Deaf-Mutes and their Friends,
18th Street, near 5th Avenue, N. Y.

Sunday, the 4th ult., was the Sixteenth Anniversary of the founding of this Church by its present Rector, the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D.

At the 7 1-2 and 10 1-2 A. M. services, the Rector and the Rev. Stephen F. Holmes, Assistant Minister, officiated. The Holy Communion was administered at both these services. Several deaf-mutes were present, for whom portions of the services were interpreted in the sign-language by the Rector as they were read by the Assistant.

In this way deaf-mutes and their hearing and speaking friends are often pleasantly mingled together in the same congregation. Even when there is no sign-making, deaf-mutes can join in the service by using the Prayer Book, which, after their education, they can readily understand. At 3 P. M. the service was, as usual, in the sign-language. The Anniversary sermon was repeated. At the evening service the Rev. Arthur Mason preached the sermon, which was interpreted by signs. The Rector gave a brief statement of the working of the Church Associate Mission to deaf-mutes, how it had established regular services for deaf-mutes in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Albany and Boston. The clergy who are able to conduct services for deaf-mutes are the Rector of St. Ann's, the Rev. Dr. Clerc, the Rev. Eastburn Benjamin, the Rev. George C. Pennell and the Rev. F. D. Egan.

The following statistics formed a part of the Anniversary sermon: for the support of the Church, donations \$6,805.00 (\$4700 from Mrs. Sarah Talman's estate and \$475 from Trinity Church, N. Y.); offerings, \$7,027.71; for charitable objects in the parish, \$3,918.29, for ditto out of the parish, \$759.18. Total, \$18,500.18.

There was received from various churches and individuals for the purpose of extending church privileges to the deaf-mutes of the country, the sum of \$1,566.97, all of which was expended.

Baptisms 82, adults 34 (6 for deaf-mutes) and children 48 (5 for those of deaf-mutes). *Confirmed* 75 (7 deaf-mutes). *Communicants* 416 (about 50 deaf-mutes). *Marriages* 39 (4 deaf-mutes). *Burials* 58 (1 deaf-mute and 3 children of deaf-mutes.)

Among other matters of interest the Rector called particular attention to the fact that on the first Sunday after Easter, the Rev. Eastburn Benjamin, who had been so long his Associate, resigned for the purpose of founding the "Free Church of the Holy Light" with a special mission to the adult blind of this city and vicinity. To Mr. Benjamin and all who had joined him in his Christ-like work, a cordial God-speed was given.

From the whole scope of this 16th Anniversary discourse, it was evident that God's blessing had rested upon this church and its constantly enlarging work for another swiftly rolling year.

J. M. F. Davis, Esq., of this city, has received a dispatch from Shelbyville, Ky., informing him of the accidental drowning last month of Mr. Sterry Fletcher, a pupil in the Kentucky Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, while out on a hunting excursion. Mr. Fletcher had many friends in this city, who will be pained to hear this sad news.—*Cin. Gaz. Sept. 17*

INSTRUCTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

NEW YORK, June 28, 1868.

MR. EDITOR:—At the annual examination and closing exercises of the New York Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, last week, we were fortunate in our examiners. Our venerable Principal Emeritus, Dr. H. P. Peet, headed the committee of examination, and with him were associated Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, and Rev. Dr. Vinton, and Mr. G. S. Strong, of the Board of Directors. In the examination of the high class, they solicited and obtained the valuable assistance of Rev. Dr. Gillet of Harlem, well known as a scholar and author.

There are four hundred and fifty-five pupils in our catalogue, but several of them had gone home in anticipation of the vacation. The number actually in the Institution at the close of the term was four hundred and forty-one; viz: two hundred and fifty-eight males, and one hundred and eighty-three females. This is far ahead of the London Asylum, and about twice as many as the American Asylum, which, I believe, ranks third in numbers among the deaf and dumb institutions of the world.

The examination was continued through four days, and was made thorough and searching. There was of course, found a great diversity of attainments; for among so many deaf mutes, there are to be found all grades of intellect, and while some delighted and astonished the examiners by their command of language, knowledge of facts and powers of independent thought; and the far greater number showed satisfactory fruits of faithful teaching and diligent study, there were found here and there cases in which the most skilful and laborious teacher could accomplish little in the way of teaching written language, so that the main benefit of a residence in the institution in such cases, is the acquisition of a means of communication in all necessary matters by the language of signs.

There was a class composed of pupils who had entered within a few weeks, and had merely learned to write their own names, and a few names of familiar objects. They had learned in addition to talk by signs, and could express their joyful anticipations of going home.

From this class upward there was a gradual brightening of intellect, a gradual expression of knowledge and of the power of correct expression in language, till both culminated in the exercises of the high class.

The following by a little girl in one of the younger classes, will show how the deaf mutes begin to use our language, under the system of instruction practiced here.

"The dog is a quadruped. He eats meat and bread. He licks water. He follows his master. He obeys him. A cross dog bites. Some dogs are bad. Some dogs are kind. Some dogs are black. Some dogs are white. A dog swims often. A girl plays with a dog. A dog sometimes catches chickens. A dog sometimes eats a rat. A dog often runs to a man. The dog catches a bird. A dog sometimes catches and eats a sheep. The dog bites a boy. Some dogs hunt deer. Some dogs draw a waggon. Some dogs carry baskets."

From this specimen of attainments by a little deaf mute a year and a half under instruction, we pass to the compositions of the higher classes. Being asked what was cold water, an intellectual looking girl of fifteen replied: "Cold water is the purest and sweetest beverage that nature can give us." A lad of about the same age wrote: "It is a fluid which God in his merciful Providence has given us for the sustenance of life."

When the question was asked: "Is a promissory note more obli-

gatory than the duty to love our neighbor?" one of the deaf mutes replied:

"Neither is more obligatory than the other. Our Creator commanded us to be honest. It is our duty to obey him. He commanded us to love our neighbor. It is our duty to obey him."

Some of the high class were examined in Greek and Latin, proving quite as well versed in either as their examiners. Algebra also, the examiner did not get them beyond their depth, nor hardly in Logic.

On Wednesday the spacious chapel was crowded with a highly respectable and intellectual looking assemblage attracted to witness the closing exercises—but of these I have time and space to say only a few words.

The accomplished principal I. L. Peet, universally acknowledged to be the best practical teacher in the country conducted the exercises. Rowland B. Lloyd was the valedictorian of the high class, and received the gold medal. While he was delivering his valedictory, a furious thunder storm burst over head; but did not disturb the deaf meeting except by darkening the chapel somewhat. In reply to the question from one of the spectators, "which is the greater calamity, the loss of sight or the loss of speech;" one of the high class replied:

"Deafness is not a bar to happiness—the vast world of nature in all its beauties lies open before us like a grand panorama that presents a beauty to the eye eternally fresh. If I was required to choose between sight and hearing, I would prefer the former. It is no misfortune to be deaf, for our ears that were never profaned by the noises of this world will only awake to the harmonies of heavenly music."

Another being asked his idea of music, replied: "To me, music seems as mysterious as the mysteries of the past and future."

One young lady being asked what religion was, replied: "The nature of religion is to make people happy and also to do much good to others."

One of the most interesting exercises was the rendering into the graceful and expressive language of gestures of a little poem by Miss Adelaide Proctor, "Rest." As the fairy like form of one of the young ladies, robed in white, and wreathed in flowers, stood up in the sight of all to recite this poem, the conceptions of the poet seemed to float visibly around her, and chase each other out into space. It must be borne in mind that only in their own graphic language of signs can the true deaf and dumb have any conception of the charms of eloquence and poetry. They may learn to pick the sense out of written paragraphs deftly enough; but it is as those who are sufficiently learned pick the sense out of a page of Egyptian hieroglyphics or of Chinese characters.

Within the next two days four hundred and more of the deaf mutes had departed for their homes, arranged in companies, according to the routes they were to take; each company under the care of an experienced teacher; who saw his charges safely dropped at the points nearest their homes. Great was the commotion, and severe the strain on the energies of the Principal and his assistants for several days. But all whose friends were able to receive them were by the judicious arrangements of our indefatigable Principal and stewards, safely packed off with their trunks—enough of themselves to freight a moderate sized train. By this time the stream of gesticulation has passed and vanished from the wondering eyes of the travelling public, each deaf mute having dropped into the bosom of some family, where he or she will rest, cultivate the family and social affections, make acquaintance with nature and mankind, and recuper-

ate their energies for the studies of the next term—except the few whose education is finished, and who have now to test the value of the education they have received, in fitting them for the struggle of life.

A few still remain here, who either have no known friends, or whose friends are prevented from sending for them by the distance or other causes. These gather together. No longer kept asunder by the divisions of higher or lower classes, they can all assemble in the high class room, and take their meals at the high class table. The newspapers sent the pupils by many benevolent publishers, still come, and help to relieve the loneliness of this remnant. J. R. B.

P. S. We have an active and ambitious Base Ball Club among our pupils, and also a Boat Club. I and mine, however, did not go in their boat, having had our sail in the private boat of our friend, J. W. Conklin, and got out safely as grave elderly people ought to do.

THE NEW TERM AT THE CLARKE INSTITUTION has now been going on for a month, and the new pupils begin to show the effects of the thorough teaching there. At the quarterly meeting of the corporation Tuesday, seven of the twelve members were present, namely, Messrs. G. G. Hubbard, Osmyn Baker, L. J. Dudley, H. G. Knight, J. H. Seelye, George Walker and F. B. Sanborn. After transacting the business they inspected the school, and there met Dr. Harvey M. Peet, Mrs. Peet, and Mr. Oliver S. Strong of the New York deaf and dumb institution, who has been spending a couple of days in Northampton to examine into the methods and the success of Miss Rogers. Dr. Peet was long at the head of the New York institution, of which his son is now the principal; Mrs. Peet was for some years the matron, and Mr. Strong is prominent in the board of managers. They all expressed their surprise and pleasure at the result of the teaching of Miss Rogers and Miss Byam, especially at the ease with which the pupils read the lips. Several classes read from the black-board and wrote exercises in the presence of the visitors, and all the pupils showed a commendable improvement. It was observed by Miss Rogers that several of her younger pupils had improved during vacation, which is not usually the case with deaf mutes. The number of pupils present was 33, of whom 22 were state pupils. Four or five have previously been at the Hartford asylum. Dr. Peet stated that there are now about 470 pupils at the New York institution, where a class in articulation has been formed under the instruction of Prof. Morris. A class in articulation is also forming at the Illinois institution, which some time ago sent a teacher, Miss Trask, to learn the method of Miss Rogers. Mr. Hollister of the Ohio institution has also spent some time at Northampton lately for the same purpose. Other visitors have found out the modest little school,—among them Mr. Verney, an English nephew of Florence Nightingale, and Joshua Leavitt of the Independent. Miss Rogers is becoming one of the lions of the Connecticut valley, but she will bear her honors meekly. It seems there are at least three other new deaf mute schools in the United States, established within the last two years,—a German articulating school in New York city, a Catholic school in Buffalo, and a state institution at Frederick in Maryland. The latter has drawn away pupils from Mr. Gallaudet's institution in Washington, many of whom were supported there by the state of Maryland. The principal at Frederick is named Cook, the German teacher in New York is a Mr. Engelmann and the school at Buffalo is taught by a Sister of Charity.—*Springfield Daily Republican*: October, 22 1868.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Gazette.

DEAR EDITOR,—I think you would like to insert in your paper a quotation from Louisa Mulhbach's historical novel upon "Joseph II. and his Court," in which the author recorded a remark in her book upon the Emperor's visit to the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Paris, then, under the charge of the Abbe de L'Epée. The visit of the Emperor of Austria, accompanied by some of his distinguished officers, was in reality the most complimentary honor which was ever conferred upon mutes by a King or Emperor. The readers of the *Gazette* should be acquainted with the noble act of Joseph II. Here is a copy:

"You well know" said he (Joseph II. to Louis XVI. King of France,) "that Paris abounds in interesting institutions. Yesterday I was filled with enthusiasm with what I saw in the course of my morning ramble." "Whither did you go, Count?" asked Louis appeased and flattered by the Emperor's words. "To the invalids, and I confess to you that the sight of this noble institution, filled me with as much envy as admiration. I have nothing in Vienna that will bear comparison with this magnificent offering of France to her valiant defenders. You must feel your heart stir with pride, whenever you visit those crippled heroes, sire." "I have never visited the invalids," said the King, coloring. "What!" cried Joseph raising his hands, in astonishment, "the King of France has never visited the men who have suffered in his behalf! Sire, if you have neglected this sacred duty, you must hasten to repair this omission."

"What else did you see?" asked the Queen, (Joseph's sister,) striving to cover the King's displeasure, and the contemptuous display of the Count de Provence, (afterwards Louis XVIII.) "I visited the Foundling Hospital. To you Antoinette, this Hospital must possess especial interest." "Oh, yes, I subscribe yearly to it from my private purse," said the Queen. "But surely" replied Joseph, "you sometimes visit their pious sisters upon whom devolves the real burden of this charity, to reward them by your sympathy for their disinterested labors?" "No, I have never been there," replied the Queen, confused. "It is not allowed to the Queen of France to visit public benevolent institutions." "And yet it is allowable for them to attend public balls at the Opera-House!" replied Joseph. Maria Antoinette blushed and looked displeased. This sally of the Emperor was followed by another blank pause, which finally was broken by himself. "I also visited another noble institution," continued he, that of the Deaf Mutes. The Abbe de L'Epée deserves the homage of the world for this monument of individual charity; for I have been told that his institution has never yet received assistance from the crown. My dear sister, I venture to ask alms of you for his unfortunate proteges. With what strength of love has he explored the dark recesses of their minds, to bear within the light of intelligence and cultivation! Think how he has rescued them from a joyless stupor, to place them by the side of thinking, reasoning, and happy human beings! As soon as I return to Vienna, I shall found an institution for the deaf and dumb. I have already arranged with the Abbe to impart his system to a person, who shall be sent to conduct the Asylum I propose to endow." What a noble heart he had! and what a noble wish he expressed to his sister in behalf of the mutes! We all wish his posterity, success, wealth, power, and prosperity for this such expression. We hope, that all the Emperors, Kings and Queens in whose countries there are no institutions for the education of mutes, will follow the noble and brilliant example of Joseph II.

Now, Mr. Editor, we wish to know as to whether Joseph II. succeeded in founding an Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in his country. You will oblige us very much by letting us hear about it through your paper.

G. T. S.

We are not informed.—(Ed.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 15th, 1868.

MR. EDITOR:—How fast old Father Time travels! how swiftly the days, weeks, months and years roll on! Every day brings us nearer and nearer that never-ending Eternity beyond the grave; are we preparing for that great final crisis? But two more numbers and the *Gazette* will have completed its second year of existence, and then commence a new, more successful and useful one. Long live the *Gazette* and its energetic, indefatigable and intelligent editor. How far the paper has triumphed and succeeded I leave it to those who from time to time read its columns or feel any interest in its continued progress to judge. Surely you have not labored in vain; having thus far had the able support of intelligent, well-balanced, and judicious minds—that brilliant galaxy of deaf-mute literate.

We can truly say, as a silent portion of the great community, that we have among us at least a few rare and costly gems, that is, minds about equal to any of those who graduate from our best colleges with the highest distinction. It seems almost marvellous to see with what success some deaf-mutes master language, when one considers their early disadvantages; this is gained by reading and frequent intercourse with the hearing; an advantage easy of access to all mutes who feel ambitious to excel. Of course it cannot be expected that every deaf-mute can use it wholly correct. A thorough mastery of grammar is one great help, however, though every one has not had much familiarity with it. We would kindly advise each one of and all our deaf and dumb friends not to neglect to improve their intellects; grasp every favorable chance with energy and a determination to succeed—for there is no such word as *fail* in our dictionary.

Patience and labor conquer all things, and so if our friends only try with a vengeance, they may eventually reap a rich reward. "What should we read?" we fancy they ask, and we reply; Everything, Science, Mathematic, History, Botany, Philosophy—the newspaper, religious and secular, &c., with the "word-book" at hand. But few mutes realize the true pleasure of reading; a good number of them have no taste, no inclination for it. And this is one reason why we have just alluded to the duty of improving the mind, for like the body it needs nourishment and must have it, or it will grow staid, dull and languish. We have said enough. Now that the paper is fast nearing the close of its second year of usefulness, we would beg its subscribers to renew their subscriptions, and try and get others to take it. It is not yet dead, is full of life and vigor. To the deaf and dumb generally it is what the Atlantic Cable is to the two great continents; telegraphing news from the one to the other. We might well term it "Our Cable"—words not at all inappropriate; for through its well-filled pages we are informed of each other's welfare and interests, no matter how far distant. Being the only paper now published for the use of deaf-mutes throughout the country, it should be in every home where there are one or more mutes in the family; graduates of *all* the institutions should take it—the professors and teachers of the deaf and dumb should take it—the hearing who feel any interest in its prosperity and success should take it. *

EFFECTS.—An attorney having died in low circumstances, one of his friends observed that he had left but few *effects*. "That is not much to be wondered at," said another, "for he had but few *causes*."

*For the Gazette***A MUTE'S THOUGHTS ON LIFE AND DEATH.**

BY LOUISA.

Life and Death! How powerful and solemn sound these two words; what a wide contrast they present; what memories, pleasant or sad, they recall; what warnings they give. Even in life are we in the very midst of death—stern, remorse, less Death. Life is short and uncertain. Its brief existence either one of shadow or sunshine of joy or sorrow; not in reality one long, bright summer day. No, its ever-varying scenes may be not always charming and enchanting to the eye; and yet even amid the seeming gloom it has its brighter side. Dearly as it is cherished by its thoughtless and frivolous votaries, vehemently they cling to it, even to the very last, with vice-like grip, never thinking of nor caring to meet its great enemy, Death, until too late. This limited period on earth is not given us to be spent in seeking the world's few, fleeting amusements and allurements, but to prepare our sin-stained souls for that future existence, invisible now, yet near—that never-ending eternity beyond the grave! Contemplating upon life and death—words so reproving to the gay and heedless—one's mind naturally becomes melancholy and depressed; the very thought of it recalls to mind, with vivid clearness very many reminiscences of the past. Yet life does not always represent that gloomy picture which some are prone to draw from experience. It is not all shadow; there are many bright spots and green oases in its checkered pathway. Still, the rugged, craggy places are not few. To some life is but a continued drudgery—a dull, monotonous, every-day existence; no happiness nor cheerfulness for them; ever fretting or complaining; a real blank; they see no "silver lining" behind the clouds all round seems dark, cheerless and drear. With faith as his bright beacon, and hope for his guiding star, the world-weary Christian; journeys on through life serene and calm, trusting in a Father's love, seeking counsel and strength from Him. But his life-path is not all smooth and broad. Far from it. Narrow and full of obstacles, all of which he can overcome by simple reliance upon that never-weary Arm so kindly out-stretched to guide him over the mountain-like passes. A wide difference indeed between such a life and that of the unbeliever; the one tranquil and happy; the other restless, craving more and more, sinking slowly down, down, into the yawning chasm! The very idea is dreadful to realize; no friendly hand put forth to save from such a fate!

Who among our mute friends has not, at some time, stood beside the open coffin of a loved one, and, in the solemn presence of death, gazed, with tearful eye, for the last time upon the marble, emaciated features of the silent sleeper? Yes, we have all lost some dear friend—a father, perhaps a mother, affectionate brother, or loving sister. Death enters uninvited alike the home of wealth and the abode of poverty, and snatches with rude grasp the opening bud or full-blown flower. His icy breath is felt everywhere. None can stay his stealthy onward tread. He is the Christian's liberator from ills that no earthly medicine can heal. He has no terrors for him, and gladly he awaits the joyful summons to that better land above where life is eternal and death known no more. Not so the infidel or profligate. How terrible his end! Death is no welcome messenger to him. He shrinks from his approach with loathing, disgust and fear. He dreads the horror fauce may paint.

Kind readers, let us draw the friendly veil over such an unpleasant scene, and turn our thoughts heavenward. If we repent of our sins, trust in God and pray for a new heart made white by the precious blood of a sacrificed Saviour that we may prepare for that great final issue death will have no sting. We shall go to that mansion

not made with hands eternal in the heavens; where our tongues shall be silent no more and our ears opened to catch the sweet sound of our Redeemer's name, and lisp it with gladness and joy. Is life only a reality, death a dream or mystery? That both are realities, a careful search through the inspired pages of Holy Writ can best prove without the aid or assistance of human theology to convince us. To err is human, and even the most worldly wise are sometimes wrong. But the Bible is true its sacred pages were written by men; inspired of God; its teachings are instructive and useful; it is the pilgrim's staff, his comfort, his hope, his *all* in this world, and his guide to the next.

*For the Gazette.***JOHN SMITH.**

THE GALLAUDETS.

Oh! for a GALLAUDET to be at the head of every mute school from Maine to Texas. Under such a man you may rest assured that a parental watch-care will be exercised over the silent ones of earth until they grow in knowledge so as to be able to manage their own affairs. Such a man will leave no stone unturned to ameliorate their condition. Such a man accounts it a pleasure to extend their spiritual privileges. Such a man, in short, will do everything in his power to restore them to their proper relations in the community of which he forms a part.

"Language itself is dumb," said John Smith, "to express the solicitude with which I watch the important influence of the National College on the future career of my fellow-sufferers and on the destinies of those to succeed us. Heavens and earth! some of the teachers of deaf mutes fall out with Edward for opening an easy access for the deaf and dumb to the store-house of universal knowledge. Isolated from the society of cultivated intellects, and shrouds in utter darkness, the deaf mutes heaped up cumulative claims upon that Christian charity which advocates, as a duty, the diffusion of useful knowledge among all races of men. Imperfectly educated hurled into the conflicts of civilized life, without the knowledge or capacity necessary to insure success—the prey of speculators—falling by hundreds the victims of ignorant quackery—they should excite our commiseration for their unhappy fate. The National College is intended to advise and assist them in the attainment of temporal prosperity and evangelical holiness. Colleges for the 'ear that hears' are multiplying all around us, and we clap our hands and applaud; but, in the name of wonder, why is the establishment of one college for our especial benefit made occasion of censure?"

Here John Smith paused. I confessed that I myself once considered a college of this kind as destined to moulder away to nothing. I have gone over, "boots, baggage and bombast," to my friend, however.

"It seems," said he, "that some of the teachers live like cat and dog, in mutual worrying. There is something abhorrent from every sentiment in man's breast to see, as we too often do, imbecility advanced to high places by the mere accident of speech; but Edward is one of 'God Almighty's gentleman,' belonging to the 'aristocracy of nature.' Mere boy as he is, he has already risen to be the marked man of all America and the centre of a school of educators, who daily gather round his chair.

The "green aged monster" goes about seeking whom he may devour. His very breath is poisonous; his nature is all wormwood and gall; and he bites right and left, and stabs in the dark. He is an unintelligible mystery of wickedness. He will poison your cup of life as soon as it seems to overflow with heaven—innocence itself is sufficient to drive him mad.

Thomas seems to many teachers like the personification of sin puked out, red hot from the bowels of hell, John Smith says, judging from the language used by them in denouncing his enterprises.

A curious fact is that when Thomas first set to work to inaugurate a new era of preaching in pantomime to graduates of the Mute schools, they, tried all ways they could think of, to tear him up. This is no joke, but, on the contrary, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." A gentleman of fine presence and pure morals; possessing scholarly attainments; wielding a smooth pen and a melodious elocution; keen in his social instincts, and facile in turning the sharp corners of a difficulty, he is embalmed in the memory of the voiceless people as the chief around whom they rally in time of trouble; and a better specimen of a man—in the sense of a citizen who honors our common nature, respects the rights of others, and cordially fraternizes with his fellow creatures on human grounds, and without reference to conventional distinctions—it is impossible to find; no, not one on earth. John Smith says that Thomas realizes the idea of a Christian in the best modern acceptance of the title.

No man is more keenly satirical as to all pseudo christianity, perhaps, than John Smith. "Pray," said he on a recent occasion, "pray do not tell me of the blessings of a free country where the rights of mute teachers are constantly invaded by encroachments of what are called popular principles, but which are too often social despotisms. We often go to church, not to hear the preacher, for our ears are closed to all sound, but to stare and be stared at. Thomas conceived the idea of establishing pantomimic preaching for our especial benefit, and by dint of effort succeeded in building up a church in New York for our spiritual growth. Not content with this, he trained two or three preachers for our benefit; and all this without the cooperation much as he needed it, of our teachers. Alas for humanity! We needed the services of a preacher who could sign the truths of our holy religion. Surrounded by the moral incongruities bred of false pride, we were in danger of wheeling into the ranks of the damned sinners; and who but Thomas would be willing to watch over our welfare and promote our spiritual growth in the capacity of pastor?"

I agree with John Smith in thinking that excluding Prof. Jacobs of the Ky. Institution, Thomas cannot be excelled for elegance of diction and extent of general information, by any of the teachers in the existing Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb in the United States.

THE MANUAL ALPHABET.

Peterboro'. Sept. 23, 1868.

DEAR EDITOR:—I want to tell you what a loss this community sustains in the death of Miss. Sarah Morrison whom you enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with, I believe, of many years standing. The good are always missed. They always leave their places vacant, never more to be filled. We shall never have another Sarah Morrison, never another precisely as she was,—as pure, as simple, as gentle or as kind. We all loved her, and respected her. We all have felt the kindly influences and her spirit heathed upon our heart as we have held sweet converse with her.

Although like yourself, and many others, deprived, by the ordination of a wise and merciful Providence of the gifts of speech and hearing, she had a very large circle of acquaintances and friends in this town with whom she was on terms of constant and very pleasant intercourse. She loved to know all that interested the community at large; and by that nice instinct and facility so peculiar to people of your class succeeded in finding out whatever was going on or occurring in the world around her. At the same time she was intelligent,

and could apply the best common sense, that which comes of knowledge and the christian spirit combined—to everything. And so, while she was generally well informed as to current topics and even to, she was at the same time a wise, discreet, and thoroughly christian woman, whom influence was ever on the side of good, and never on that of evil. It was utterly impossible, I believe, for her to do an unkind or a harmful act.

One trait of her character was very marked, and that was a fondness for what is becoming and orderly. She had a desire, even to the last moment of her life that everything connected with her own conduct, and everything in relation to the disposition of her affairs after her demise should be properly and neatly done.

She was a member of a Christian church, having united with it some years ago in Hartford, Conn. And her character and conduct ever since, and especially on her dying bed were eminently befitting her christian profession. She died in a perfectly peaceful and happy state of mind, baged up by the faith and hope of the Gospel. Her sick room was perfectly beautiful, and the expression of her countenance in the last hours of her life seemed to speak of the angelic and of that world of purity and bliss toward which she was fast hastening. She was willing to die, because it was God's will that she should and because life for her would no longer be a thing of pleasure or profit either to herself, or to her sister whom she leaves so disolate and sad. For her body, for many years diseased, and a constant source of pain and unrest to her, had finally succumbed to the ravages of the malady the preyed upon it, which of course left here nothing further to look forward to in this world but everything to anticipate in the world to come, when she would be clothed upon by such glorified body as God should be pleased to give her. Meanwhile her spirit was already in heaven, and needed not the change of physical death in order to experience the joys and that deep peace and those surpassing glories "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

And so, she is gone: nay, not *gone*, but really more *present* than ever before. She has *come* to us,—*come* to our hearts, our memories, and our faith. For death always reveals the good, and fondly cherished more fully to us; and by that revelation we seem to live in a closer union and fellowship with them than ever before.

But she is *bodily* taken away, and perhaps it is well, for us, as for her,—that she is. But the poor sister who is left,—how sad and lonely her lot on the earth henceforth will be! Still, she says, "it was better than *she* should go first, since we could not go together,—better that it is I who must stay rather than *she*." May God help her to bear with patience and fortitude the burden of solitude and bereavement that is now laid upon her! And may the same Christian hope which she possessed while in the flesh, be hers abundantly. *which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast and which entereth into that within the vail; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus.*

I am sir, Yours very truly
C. B. Ferry Her pastor.

When I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance last, friends swarm in abundance, but, in the winter of my need they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of friends.

Don't forget the Levee in Boston on Jan. 1st next.



rookline, Mass., Oct 21, by Rev. Dr. William Lamson, John E. Grush of Brookline to Miss Emma M. Smyth of Bridgewater, Mass. Both graduated at Hartford, Conn.

In Brattleboro, Vt., Oct. 15th, Levi A. Lester of Providence, R. I. to Miss Ada Read of Dummerston, Vt. Both graduated at Hartford.



In West Randolph, Mass., May 1st. of Consumption, Jane A., daughter of Wm. and Susan Acheson. Aged 3 yrs. and 4 mos.

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The poor deaf mutes had one advantage,—they never heard a bad word in their lives, nor ever said an evil word. And if they who were deprived of speech and hearing had to watch their hearts, the audience should remember that not only had they to watch their hearts, but their tongues and ears also, that they did not speak or hear what was evil, or untrue or unkind. They should pray that their tongues might be soft and gentle, and that they should speak only what was good. They wanted to provide the dumb with tongues by giving them education, that they would be able to talk to them, and above all to God, to render Him prayer and praise here on earth, and hereafter, as they would be able, to speak to Him in heaven. The ideas of many of these deaf mutes were often most intelligent. He recollected, in Paris, once a mute being asked what was eternity, and he answered that it was the life-time of the Almighty. Another child in Scotland said that gratitude was the memory of the heart; a third, when asked what was gratitude, said it was the smell that was given out by a beautiful flower when it was crushed beneath the feet. At Sandford, a boy was asked where it was that God was not, and it was expected that he would answer, 'Nowhere;' but he took the pencil and wrote, 'In the thoughts of the wicked.' In conclusion he impressed on the audience the necessity of being grateful, merciful, and self-denying. If they were so, God would not only bless the work, but bless themselves."—*Rev. W. Pakenham Walsh, 1864.*

"I am not sure that we should not feel more for the deaf than even for the blind; for sad as it is to be deprived of the sight of the human face divine, I am not sure that it is not still more sad to be deprived of the hearing of the human voice—the tones of maternal tenderness, and all those strains of melting melody with which God has blessed His creatures. We might quote from the Iliad and the Odyssey to prove this position; but I would rather quote from a Book with which you are more familiar. In the beginning of Re-

velation we read, that on the Lord's-day, when the beloved disciple was favoured with a sight of his Master, after sixty years of estrangement—after three-score years had passed, and in the vision of Patmos, John saw his Lord again. His visage was changed; His long abode in glory had so transformed Him that John could not recognise his Master in that bright form, in that eye which glowed like a furnace, and in those feet of more than brass; in that sight of surrounding glory, John did not recognise the familiar features with whom he had often consorted, by whose side he had sat at many a banquet, side by side with whom he had traversed the hills of Galilee, and crossed the lake of Gennesareth; but the Lord Jesus said, 'Fear not,' and John fell at His feet, and recognised Him. I believe that our friends who are deprived of this faculty of hearing, are shut out from a wider field of enjoyment than even those who are deprived of sight."—*Rev. James Hilton, D. D.*

THE DEAD SEA.—Turning south an hour's ride over a sandy loam—without a shrub or leaf or blade of grass, nothing but the bare earth under our horses' feet or around us, over hundreds of acres—brings us to the Dead Sea. I have read wonderful accounts of this body of water—that its waters were always calm, no ripple on its surface; that no bird could fly across it; that nothing green could flourish on its shores, that over it was ever an atmosphere of gloom. Not quite thus was the picture to our eyes. Waves were rolling on the beach. Reeds and canes grow wherever their roots can reach the moisture beneath the soil. The plain over which we rode was verdureless, because rainless, except at this season of the year. A few showers fall in the winter, but not in sufficient quantity to support vegetable life. Fish are brought down from Jordan. We saw one near the entrance of the river but the water is too salt and contains too much asphaltum to support life. There is an air of gloom, but it arises from the calmness and stillness. No sound breaks upon the ear except the splashing of the waves and the chafing of the pebbles upon the beach. The gorges and defiles of the mountains are dark and gloomy. The mountains themselves are bleak, bare desolate, and we gave upon them through a hazy light, with dim shadows fitting past, thrown down to earth by passing clouds. Besides those, no one standing on its shore can forget the destruction of the cities of the plain. Up through this atmosphere rose the smoke of the burning. This was the scene where Divine Justice could no longer put up with human wickedness. And so the dreadfulness and desolation, the absence of life, the aspect of nature and the facts of history combine to give it a gloom peculiarly its own.

NO SCOLDING OR FRETTING IN HEAVEN.—A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion, when her fortitude gave way under a severe trial, said: "Mother, does God ever fret or scold?" The query was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost without a shock. "Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?" "Why, God is good; you know you used to call him the 'Good Man' when I was little, and I should like to know if he ever scolded." "No, child; no." "Well, I'm glad he don't, for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it is not me in fault. I don't think that I could love God much, if he scolded." The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart as she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes.